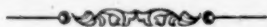
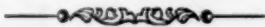




THE MISTLETOE.



THE velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock,—THE MISTLETOE flourish upon the withered branch,—the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin,—the Pine and Cedar remain fresh and fadeless amidst the mutations of the dying year; and, Heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, will, in the coldest and darkest hour of fate, twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the Human Heart.



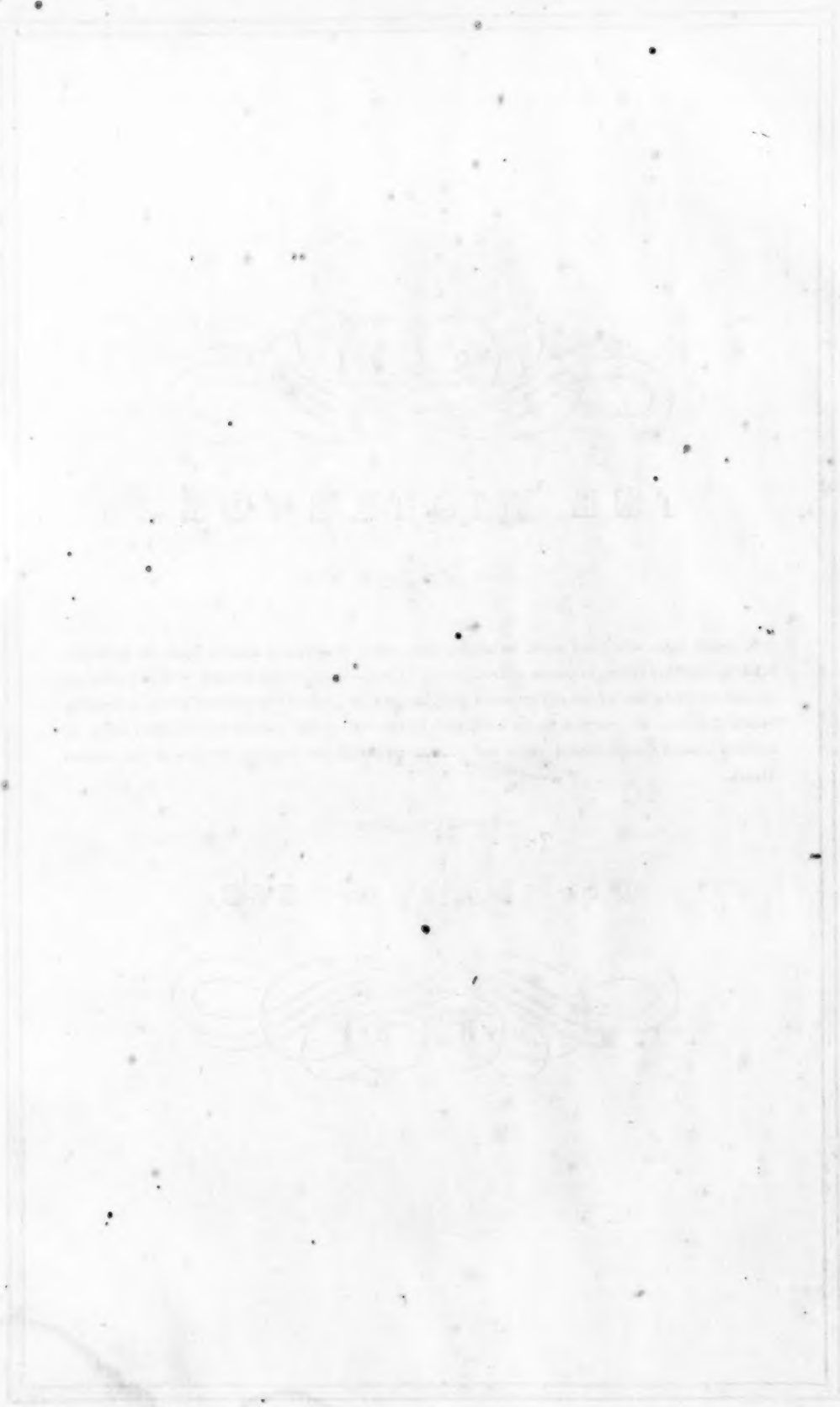
For the Year 1849.



J. M. & T. A. Burke, Editors

Athens—J. W. B. Pub.

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alone. It filled that immense building, through which were scattered nearly thirty thousand people, as easily as a common voice would fill an ordinary room.

No where is music so spontaneous and voluntary as in Italy, and no where is it studied with such untiring and protracted effort. We might except the Germans here, who, perhaps, are as great composers as the Italians. But there is no *song* in the stern old Saxon heart. The sudden and exciting transitions of music are not found in their character. The free and fountain-like gushings forth of feeling in an Italian render him peculiarly fitted to enjoy and utter music, though we think this very trait in his character was formed in the first place by music. They have reacted on each other, making both the Italian and his music what they are.

It is a singular fact that the best singers of Italy come from the northern provinces. The people of the south are more fiery and passionate, yet less distinguished for music, than those of the north. Nothing strikes the traveller in Italy with more force, or lives in his memory longer, than the gay street singing of the lower classes, yet one hears little of this in Rome or Naples. There is a sombre aspect on old Rome, taken from its silent haughty ruins, giving apparently a coloring to the feelings of the people. The gay, lighted-hearted Neapolitan seems too gay for music—like the French, his spirits burst out in action. The Piedmontese are forever singing, while Genoa is the only Italian city over which our memory lingers ever fresh and ever delighted. There is not a moonlight night in which its old palaces do not ring with the song of the strolling sailor boy or idle loungeur. The rattling of wheels seldom disturbs the quietness of the streets, while the lofty walls of the palaces confine and prolong the sound like the roof of a cavern. The narrow winding passages now shut in the song till only a faint and distant echo is caught, and now let it forth in a full volume of sound, ever changing like the hues of feeling.

Hours and hours have we lain awake, listening to these thoughtless serenaders, who seemed singing solely because the night was beautiful. You will often hear voices of such singular power and melody ringing through the clear atmosphere that you imagine some professional musicians are out on a serenade to a "fayre ladye." But when the group emerges into the moonlight, you see only three or four coarse-clad creatures, evidently from the very lowest class, sauntering along, arm in arm, singing solely because they prefer it to talking. And, what is still more singular, you never see three persons, not even *boys*, thus singing together, without carrying along three parts. The common and favorite mode is for two to take two different parts, while the third, at the close of every strain, throws in a deep bass chorus. You will often hear snatches from the most beautiful operas chanted along the streets by those from whom you would expect nothing but obscene songs. This spontaneous street singing charms us more than the stirring music of a full orchestra. It is the *poetry* of the land—one of its characteristic features—living in the memory years after every thing else has faded. We like, also, those much abused hand-organs, of every description, greeting you at every turn. They are the operas of the lazzaroni and children, and help to fill up the picture. Passing once through a principal business street of Genoa, we heard at a distance a fine, yet clear and powerful voice that at once attracted our attention. On approaching we found it proceeded from a little blind boy not over eight years of age. He sat on the stone pavement, with his back against an old palace, pouring forth song after song with astonishing strength and melody. As we threw him his penny, we could not help fancying how he would look sitting in Broadway, with his back to the Astor House, and attempting to throw his clear, sweet voice over the rattling of omnibuses and carriages that keep even the earth in a constant tremor.

Rome, April, 1842.

THE MORAL WARFARE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER, ESQ.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,
 Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
 An iron race around her stood—
 Baptized her infant brow in blood—
 And, through the storm which round her swept,
 Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where quiet herds repose,
 The roar of baleful battle rose,
 And brethren of a common tongue
 To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
 And every gift on Freedom's shrine
 Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
 Their strife is past—their triumph won;
 But sterner trials wait the race
 Which rises in their honored place—
 A MORAL WARFARE with the crime
 And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
 We gird us for the coming fight,
 And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
 In conflict with unholy powers,
 We grasp the weapons He has given—
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven!

ELLEN TRAVERS:

AN EXCELLENT TEMPERANCE STORY.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

ELLEN FISHER was a single-hearted, generous being, whose unselfish nature would make any sacrifice for others. Unobtrusive and quiet, yet like a ministering angel, did she seek out the poor and afflicted, and when she could do no more, would pour balm into the suffering heart, by her gentle sympathy and soothing words. And all rejoiced, yet thought it strange, when the haughty Edwards Travers wooed the lovely and modest Ellen Fisher. Those who knew him best, wondered least; for Travers was a passionate worshipper of the beautiful; the physically, morally, and mentally beautiful. His eye was first caught by the rare beauty of her face and form; then he delighted to trace, through the soft light of her loving eyes, the loveliness that dwelt in her pure spirit; and he well knew how to draw out the rich treasures of her cultivate mind, by the eloquent language of his own. He loved her; what marvel! All who knew her did the same.

He loved as men love a rare jewel in a precious casket; while she, with the trusting faith of a woman's heart, gave her life and her happiness to his keeping, and worshipped the Supreme Source from whom the blessing came. And as she gave him her hand that he might lead her to his own home, where he had invited his friends to meet her, there went with it a full swelling of the heart towards heaven, that she was permitted to possess that dear hand, so capable, as she thought, of leading her through the mazes of life. How often is the heart deceived in its fondest hopes! These two young beings looked down a vista, where all was light and sunshine, and joy. Gay hopes flitted on angels' wings before them, and they saw not the cloud that gathered slowly over their bright prospective, and darkened it with its gloomy shadow.

"And this is our home, Ellen," exclaimed the young bridegroom, while his fine dark

eyes beamed with affection on the fair being by his side, as he led her up the marble steps of a handsome house. "This is our own home, Ellen; how happy we shall be! for to be with you is happiness itself."

The gentle bride raised her eyes, suffused with tears, to the speaker's face, and while the pearly drops trembled over their delicate lids, she murmured softly, "With the blessing of God, we *will* be happy, dear Edward."

The young man seemed confused for a moment, then taking her hand in his, pressed it to his heart, replying, "You are so good, so full of holy thoughts, Ellen, that I sometimes wish you less good, that the contrast with myself might not be so striking."

* * * * *

Three days after the marriage, a large party of their friends had assembled at the mansion of Mr. Travers.

The drawing-rooms were superb. Light flashed in brilliant circles from the chandeliers, and lent additional lustre to the bright eyes that sparkled beneath them. And young, clear voices trilled in song; and silvery laughter floated through the rooms, and the light jest and witty repartee played a brilliant battledore from lip to lip. And amid all this mingling of sounds and flitting of forms, the servants bore the heavy waiters, and the sparkling wine circulated freely, and many a rosy lip touched the rim of the glass and tempted the young admirer of its beauty to drain the dregs. Oh woman! in your hours of thoughtlessness and mirth, how little do you reckon of the influence you exert on the other sex! Oh! could you but read the faithful record against you, you would find the verification of the proverb, "*C'est le premier pas qui coute*;" and you doubtless could remember many a young man of bright promise, who could date his downward course from the first cup offered by the fair hand of the one he loved. Ellen's unsophisticated little heart sunk within her as she saw her husband, whom she had thought so faultless, pass the wine so freely and merrily, pressing his friends to join him, and challenging them by toasts. In her father's

house wine was only used for the sick. She had been taught there was danger in the draught, and now she felt as if suspended over the brink of an abyss with him she loved best on earth. And unconsciously her countenance assumed an expression of profound sadness; her usually beaming eyes were concealed by the lids that drooped heavily over them; and her lips quivered with the feelings that oppressed her. The hours passed away; the festive throng withdrew; the lights went out; the flowers withered; and the unclouded sun looked in next morning on a sickening scene of confusion and discomfort. Poor Ellen! her feelings were in perfect accordance with the state of the house. She had been awakened from a bright dream of perfect bliss, by the rude grasp of anxious care: and though she had seen nothing in her husband that one less pure hearted than herself would have condemned, yet coming events, casting their shadows before, filled her with fearful presentiments. Let us see how they were realized.

* * * * *

Six years had passed since Ellen Fisher gave her trusting heart to Edward Travers, and how had she been requited? Not by harshness and ill-treatment. Oh, no, for there was too much manliness in his soul, and too much tender affection for the gentle being whom he had sworn to love and cherish, ever to forget for a single moment what was due to her. But he knew not the pang that rent her heart, as day by day she saw the light of intellect fade from his eye, and witnessed the ravages of intemperance on his handsome form. But more than all, she grieved to see the soul God had created in his holy image, gradually becoming enslaved to the most debasing appetite. She mourned that he had fallen from his high estate; she shed bitter tears of grief over her darling boy, and breathed her soul out in prayer for the reformation of this beloved being. But days passed on, and months, and years, and the strong man gradually bowed beneath the head of the monster

His business, no longer conducted by the clear head and calculating mind, became embarrassed; creditors pressed him closely; notes poured in for payment, and troubles thickened around him. He became gloomy and morose to all but his gentle wife; to her he was ever kind, and his heart often smote him when he saw her beauty fading beneath the sorrow that oppressed her. He knew that he was breaking her heart, yet no murmur or reproof ever came from her lips; he knew that he was sinking her to the grave, and felt himself her murderer; and often when she laid her soft hand in his, and raised her beseeching eyes to him, while she earnestly entreated him to abandon his present course; often, often, had he sworn to reform, to dash the poisoned chalice from his lips, and be again what she had believed him to be, when he first won the confidence of her young, loving heart. But he was too strongly bound thus easily to free himself. Let not him who lightly yields to temptation flatter himself that he can easily retrace his steps. The downward road is an easy one, but he who seeks to return step by step, to the high place he has lost, only falls back, Sisyphus-like, with increased velocity. One bold, one daring leap alone, will place him out of danger, and sure refuge is only in taking it. In vain had Ellen sought his confidence. She had not failed to mark that affairs were going wrong, and he little knew how gladly she would have relinquished all claim to this splendid mansion to bring him peace of mind. A man may fancy he has concealed his troubles from the world, but he little knows a woman's heart, who thinks to hide his own from her. Her all absorbing love can easily read the tracing of care on the beloved brow, painful thought in the averted eye, and the gnawings of a troubled conscience in the compressed lip. For several days she remarked that at dinner her husband seemed abstracted and unusually thoughtful; and when he returned at night, this mood had given away to one of feverish impatience, and he was evidently much under the influence of liquor. One evening he

seemed in this excited state, and after sitting a few moments in the parlor with her sisters, who were visiting her, took up a lamp, and with an unsteady step, proceeded to his chamber. She softly followed him, anxious to share his troubles, yet half afraid to solicit his confidence; and when she reached the chamber door, sat down irresolutely in the shadow of her infant's cradle, uncertain whether to throw herself on his bosom and give vent to her anxious feelings, or to retire and leave him to himself.

Meanwhile, Travers seated himself at his writing desk, and drawing forth a pocket book began to examine its contents: and it was painful to witness his changing countenance as he turned over leaf after leaf. At last he drew out one paper from the rest, and laying it on the desk before him, began evidently to copy some part of it on a blank sheet before him. His face was flushed, as much from excitement of feeling, as from the liquor he had drank. Again he opened his pocket book and took from it another paper, as it seemed, but partially written out. Ellen's fears could stand it no longer, for as his pen passed rapidly over its surface, the burning flush that suffused his face gave place to a fearful paleness, and his hand shook like an aspen leaf. She rose tremblingly, and stood unobserved behind his chair. The paper was a check on an extensive house in the city for £250, filled out by her husband's hand. Oh! the horror, the fear, the madness of that moment to the poor suffering Ellen! Terrible phantoms flitted before her eyes: yet, by a tremendous effort, she controlled herself, and as he affixed the forged signature to the paper, she laid her hand upon his arm. He started, dropped the pen, and, looking up, met the terror stricken gaze of his wife.

Like statues stood they thus for one miserable moment—one moment that seemed to have the wretchedness of years concentrated in its short space; terror and anguish flashing back from eye to eye. And then the husband, the guilty, conscience stricken man, buried his death-like face in his hands, and

his form shook with the violence of his emotions. She knelt beside him, laid her head upon his knee, and wept such bitter tears of sorrow as we only weep for others dearer than ourselves. Not a word was spoken for several moments; the deep silence being broken only by the gasping of poor Ellen, who struggled for breath. And what were the thoughts wildly rushing through the brain of the guilty man? Conscience carried him back to the time of their marriage, when she had so gently reproved his presumptuous assertion that they would be happy, by gently reminding him that there could be no true happiness without the blessing of God. He now saw that this gentle being, whom he had loved for her very weakness, was one to grow strong as stern adversity met her.

Like the sapling that bends its slender stem and droops its leaves as the fierce blast sweeps by, yet rises unbroken in its beauty as soon as the storm is hushed, so did Ellen Travers, in the first burst of her grief, bow her head and weep bitterly; yet she wept not long; her anxious heart was full of many plans. And now did the repentant husband that which, had he done months before, would have saved him many a pang and her many a heart-ache. He opened his heart to her fully and freely; he told her of his difficulties and straits; he told her of reverses; how he had been pressed in business, and the strong temptation he had to the commission of this act. And while he confessed that intemperance was the cause of his downfall, acknowledged that he had not strength to break its chain. Then spoke his pious wife in the pious language she had used when they first entered that house. "My dear husband, with the blessing of God, we will be happy yet."

The next morning Edward Travers called a meeting of his creditors, laid open his books for their inspection, gave up all his property into their hands, and, before them all, declared that should Heaven grant him health and strength, he would one day pay them all he owed. And in the sight of the world he was

an honorable man, for none could read the heart. Then, in the presence of his creditors, and his now happy but weeping wife—for whom he had sent—he, trembling from weakness, wrote a solemn pledge to abandon his besetting vice of intemperance. After he had written it, his bent form straightened, the sunken eye lighted up with a noble fire, and the hand that had but just traced his name on the page before him, grasped the pen with a firmer hold, and pointed upward, as if to record the vow in heaven.

It was a winter's night, six years after the events recorded. Edward Travers had kept his vow—his debts were all paid, with the accumulated interest, and the handsome house to which he had first brought his young and gentle bride was again his own. And he sat in his drawing-room before a bright, cheerful fire, whose warm light mingled with the softened rays of a globe lamp on the centre-table; and beside him sat his beloved Ellen, scarcely less beautiful than when in her girlhood; and at their feet, on the carpet, was the little Edward, his curly head resting on the back of a fine Newfoundland dog, who shared the rug with him, and whose shaggy neck was lovingly encircled by the arms of his little master. Travers looked fondly on his boy, then, taking the hand of his wife, said, softly and with much emotion: "Dear Ellen, it is twelve years to-night since you were first mine by the solemn vow which bound us to each other, and six years since you were doubly mine by that act of love which saved me from destruction. I do not think I have ever spoken of it since, for I could not bear to mention it or even think of it. But it has been present with me during every moment of this day; for this morning, Albert Cottrell, whom you knew as one of my boon companions, committed suicide in consequence of being detected in a forgery." And he shuddered as the word passed his lips, while little Edward, who, half asleep on his living pillow, had caught the latter part of the sentence, started up with a bright, earnest expression on his face. "Papa! what is sui-

cide? Is it for a man to kill himself? I know what forgery is, for I heard one of the big boys say this morning in school that Walter Cottrell's father had killed himself, because he had been caught getting another man's money to pay his debts with. Oh! how sorry I am for poor Walter," continued the little fellow, unconscious of the pain he was inflicting, "to have such a mean father. I am sure I would be an honest man, if I

were ever so hard run. Would not you, papa?" And his little form expanded, and his dark eyes flashed with the independence of his spirit, as he laid his head inquiringly upon his father's knee. His father clasped him to his breast with a passionate embrace, cast one look of speechless agony on his embarrassed wife, and rushed from the room.

The father found his condemnation on the lips of his own son.

Written for the Mistletoe.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

No Order has ever met with the success, which has attended the one named at the head of this article.

The Washingtonians have accomplished much, very much. Many a sad heart has been gladdened, many a tearful eye dried up, and many a hopeless drunkard saved by their efforts. But it was discovered that the mere signing a pledge would not save men from drunkenness. The old Temperance societies, many of them, became lukewarm, their meetings irregular and seldom, and the members forgot their pledge, and many relapsed into their old habits. About this time it was thought that an institution which would afford mutual benefits to its members, as well as shield them from the vice of intemperance, would be productive of more lasting good, than had yet accrued from former efforts.

In the latter part of September, 1842, John W. and Isaac Oliver, two brothers who had taken an active part in the Washingtonian movement in New York city, while at work in the Printing Office of the former, got into a conversation relative to the difficulties under which the Temperance Societies, were then existing. In the course of the conversation, it was suggested by Isaac, it is believed, "whether an organization could not be formed, which would more effectually shield its members from the evils of intemperance, afford mutual assistance in seasons of distress,

and protect and elevate their characters as men." While they were conversing, two other Washingtonians entered the Office. The matter was duly discussed, and it was decided that such an organization should be formed. J. W. Oliver then drew up the following call, which being sanctioned by the gentlemen whose names are annexed to it, was printed and circulated:

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

NEW YORK DIVISION, NO. 1.

SIR: You are invited to attend a Select Meeting, at Teetotaler's Hall, No. 71, Division Street, on Thursday evening, Sept. 29, 1842, at half-past 7 o'clock.

The object of the meeting is, to organise a Beneficial Society, based on Total Abstinence, bearing the above title. It is proposed to make the initiation fee, at first, \$1, and dues, 6 1-4 cents a week; in case of sickness a member to be entitled to \$4 a week—and in case of death, \$30 to be appropriated for funeral expenses.

A Constitution will be submitted on the above evening, and if the principles adopted meet your approbation, you are invited to become a member of the Division.

The enclosed Ticket will procure you admittance.

John W. Oliver,	Daniel H. Sands,
James Bale,	George McKibbin,
Ephraim L. Snow,	Isaac J. Oliver,

J. Mackellar, William H. Weaver,
Thomas Swenarton, G. Young Johnston.

At this first meeting a preamble for the Constitution, a name, and the initiation fee were agreed upon. The Constitution, which now, with slight alterations, governs Subordinate Divisions, was then presented by John W. Oliver, and adopted.

The next meeting was on the following evening, Sept. 30th, when a code of By-Laws were adopted, and one proposition for membership presented. The third meeting was held Oct. 7th, 1842; when the officers were elected and installed. On the 11th of October the first form of initiation was adopted, and the members present passed through it.

The first Grand Division, *pro tempore*, met and elected officers on the 10th of December. In the course of the month, Charters were granted to four subordinate Divisions.

The organization, *pro tempore*, was now superceded by the election of delegates from the subordinate Divisions, and the Grand Division of the State of New York first met at Concert Hall, in New York City, Jan. 9th, 1843, and elected officers.

Subordinate Divisions were, after this, organized in different parts of the country, as were, also, Grand Divisions in different States.

Seven Grand Divisions having been formed it was determined to form a Supreme Head of the Order. In pursuance of this, delegates from the different States met at Columbian Hall, in New York City, June 16th, 1844, and organized the National Division.

At the second session of the National Division, in 1845, the Order was discovered to consist of 10 Grand Divisions, 194 subordinate Divisions, and over 17000 members.—At its third session, in 1846, there were 13 Grand Divisions, 650 subordinate Divisions,

and 40,000 members. At the 4th session, in 1847, it had under its care 21 Grand Divisions, 1300 subordinate Divisions and nearly 100,000 members—and at the last session, in June 1848, there were 30 Grand Divisions, 2700 subordinate Divisions and 160,000 members. Thus have the Sons of Temperance grown in six years, from a little band of sixteen to “an exceeding great multitude.”

In Georgia they have been no less successful. The Order is indebted for its introduction into this State, to the energy and perseverance of Bro. WM. S. WILLIFORD, P. G. W. P. of the Grand Division, and at present Grand Scribe. Bro. W. in conjunction with a few persons in the City of Macon, under a Charter from the National Division, organized Tomochichi Division, No. 1, in the year 1845; and on the 27th day of December, 1846, the Grand Division of the State was instituted. At its annual session, in October, 1847, there were only fifteen subordinate Divisions under its jurisdiction. At its last annual session, last October, the number of subordinate Divisions was *one hundred and fifteen*, showing an increase of one hundred, in twelve months.

Heaven grant that they may go on until every town, not only in Georgia, but in our glorious Union, may have one of these heaven-blessed bands in their midst—for

“They come, they come, in strong array,
No blood-stained trophies mark their way;
But peace and health their steps attend,
While love and joy sweet music lend;
And mothers, wives, shall bless that band—
Exulting shouts peal through the land:
Vice stands aghast—hope cheers them on—
And thousands rejoice for victories won:
And still their pathway to beguile,
Heaven on their labor deigns to smile.”

T. A. B.

Athens, Geo.

THERE is a wicked way many people have of calling their mishaps providential, when, nine times out of ten, they result naturally from the want of the due exercise of punctualiz, foresight and reason.—*Wheler*.

Written for the Mistletoe.

THE ANGEL HOPE.

BY BRO. C. L. WHELER.

HOPE cometh to us in childhood—she goeth with us through all our life's devious ways—and is the last watcher at the silent tomb.—ANONYMOUS.

A CHILD amid the flowers play'd,
In the joyous time of Spring,
When o'er his head a radiance broke,
Dash'd from a gorgeous wing!

The humblest flow'r and dimmest cloud
Grew brighter in the blaze,
And all things sad awoke to smiles
In those celestial rays.

The angel Hope it was that swept
A-through the sunlit air,
And added splendor to the gems
That deck'd the earth so fair.

The angel Hope it was that caught
That child's bewilder'd eye,
As, mid the flow'rs, he silent stood
And gaz'd into the sky.

Still onward flew that angel form,
On wings of dimless sheen,
And drew the step of th' wond'ring boy
O'er hills and vales between.

The earth was green, the flowers bright,
Yet all unheeded lay,
For all above was brighter far
Than Spring in th' lap of May.

And onward swept that angel one,
Beyond his utmost gaze—
But hark! a chiming message comes
Down Heaven's golden ways:

"Though Wo and Want shall follow thee
To every lovely shore,
I'll light thy path, and nerve thy soul—
ON—ONWARD! EVERMORE!"

THE RUIN:

AN INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE SKETCH.

"WHY do you keep me for so long a time at the door?" said Edward F—, passionately, to his wife. The night passed, but its cold winds had entered the house, as Mrs. F—, with a sorrowful heart, unbolted the door.

"It is late, Edward, and I could not keep from slumbering."

He said nothing in return to this, but flung himself into a chair, and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee, and putting his little arm around his father's neck, whispered—

"Papa, what has mother been crying for?"

Mr. F— started and shook off his boy, and said with violence—

"Go to bed, sir; what business has your mother to let you be up at this late hour of the night?"

The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up, and, when he reached his bed, his heart discharged itself in noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, and went to him—but she soon returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband, and thus addressed him—

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I do implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, what you used to be. These heavy eyes tell of

wretchedness as well as bad hours. You wrong me—you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society which you have lately indulged in. Tell me, Edward, for heaven's sake tell me! we are ruined; is it not so?"

Edward had not a word to say to his wife, but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

"Well, be it so, Edward,—our children may suffer from our fall—but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me if you think circumstances can lessen my feelings for them. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband—leave the course you have lately pursued—it is true your father has cast you off—it is true that you are indebted to him in a serious sum—but, Edward, he is not all the world—only consider your wife in that light."

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F—— went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband.

"Mary is at the door—she says you always kissed her before she went to bed."

"My child," said the father, "God bless you—I am not very well, Mary. Nay, do not speak to me to-night. Go to rest now; give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and then, my child, your father will be happy again."

Mr. F—— was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and children had once given him happy dreams; but now the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality. When the light of the morn faintly appeared above the tops of the opposite houses, Mr. F. arose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.

"I have been considering," said he calmly, "and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy, he was proud of me. It is true, I have acted dishonorable by

him, and should no doubt have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him, but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my dear wife, has completely altered me. I will make up for it—I will, indeed I will.—Now don't grieve me in this way—this is worse than all. I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast room. Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. In a short time Mr. F—— returned.

"We must sink, my love! he will not assist me. He upbraided me; I did not, I could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you, and our little ones, but he casts us off forever!"

The distressed man had scarcely said this, when a person rudely came in. The purport of this visit was soon perceived. In the name of F——'s father he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F—— a prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

"Mamma," whispered little Mary, "mamma, must my father go to prison? Won't they let us go too?"

"Here comes my authority," said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. F—— doggedly placed himself in a chair.

"You shall not take my papa away," cried out the little boy to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct, sir," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind in you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife—my children, you have no right to harrass them with your presence."

"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F——, "think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you in childhood, as he has done, but he shall see how I can cling to you in your poverty. He has forgotten his youthful days, he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years."

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly and nervously answered—

"Madam, I have not forgotten my own

thoughtless days. I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble-minded as yourself, and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows, but let not the world think him unfeeling, especially as that world taught him to do so. The distress that I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal gets a vice by single steps, and many think the victim must return by degrees. I know Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap was sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother; the merry laughing-eyed son of a—pshaw!—of a—a—old fool! for what am I crying?"

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself

towards the old philosopher, and without uttering a word pressed his hand and put her handkerchief to her eyes. The boy, also, now left his parents, and walking up, said:

"Then you won't take papa away?"

"No, you little impudent rascal; but I'll take you away, and when your mother comes for you, I will treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after."

Thus came happiness at the heels of ruin. If husbands more often appreciated the exquisite and heaven-like affections of their wives, many happy fire-sides would be seen. "One in love and one in mind," should be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many a time check improvidences if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Our readers are generally acquainted with the history of the Smithsonian Institute. The engraving of the edifice will convey a better idea of its architecture than any description we can give. The cornerstone was laid a little more than a year ago, and the work is now nearly completed. It is built in the style that prevailed in Southern Europe during the twelfth century—the Norman or Lombard style, which was succeeded by the Gothic. When completed, it will consist of a centre which will be fifty by two hundred feet inside, with two connecting ranges sixty feet in length in the clear, and averaging forty-seven feet in breadth. An east wing forty-five by seventy-five feet in the clear, with a vestibule and porch attached, and a west wing thirty-four by sixty-five feet in the clear, exclusive of the spires or semi-circular projections.

There will be two central front towers on the north, one central rear tower on the south, besides a bell tower, a large octagonal and two smaller towers at the different angles

of the building, with porches, vestibules, stair halls, &c., attached to the centre. The east wing, or chemical lecture-room, will have a bell tower, and the west wing a campanile tower and apsis connected with it. The central building will contain in the first story the library, ninety by fifty feet, and the principal lecture room, to hold from eight hundred to one thousand persons. The second story will contain the museum, two hundred by fifty feet. The west wing will contain the gallery of art, sixty-five feet long; the east wing, the chemical lecture room, forty-five by seventy-five feet, and laboratory.

The extreme length of the building will be about four hundred and fifty feet, with a breadth in the centre of over one hundred feet. The centre building rises sixty feet, and with its principal tower one hundred and fifty feet; the wings from thirty to forty high, and their towers of various heights, from eighty to one hundred feet.

Connected with the gallery of art, there

studios, in which young artists may copy without interruption. The library will contain at least, one hundred thousand volumes, and will embrace many valuable works, not to be found elsewhere in the United States. The eastern wing will first be finished and put in order for the occupation of the secretary, and for the immediate purpose of the board. The Institution will probably be able to commence operations some time next winter, when courses of lec-

tures will be delivered by some of the most able lecturers in the country.

The committee of the Smithsonian Institute have in course of preparation, as their first elaborate production, a treatise entitled "Hints on Public Architecture," to contain views of the principal public buildings in the country, together with a great amount of practical information. A valuable work on the "Indian Mounds" of this country has also been adopted by the Institute, and brought out.

A STORY OF MOUNT ETNA.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

A YOUNG vine-grower in a village at the foot of the mountains looking towards Messina, was in love with Maria, the daughter of the richest bee-master of the place; and his affection, to the great displeasure of the father, was returned. The old man, though he had encouraged him at first, wished her to marry a young profligate in the city, because the latter was richer and of higher stock; but the girl had a great deal of good sense as well as feeling, and the father was puzzled how to separate them, the families having been long acquainted. He did everything in his power to render the visits of the lover uncomfortable to both parties; but as they saw through his object, and love can endure a great deal, he at length thought himself compelled to make use of insult. Contriving, therefore, one day to proceed from one mortifying word to another, he took upon him, as if in right of offence, to anticipate his daughter's attention to the parting guest, and show him out of the door himself, adding a broad hint that it might be as well if he did not return very soon.

"Perhaps, Signor Antonio," said the youth, piqued at last to say something harsh himself, "you do not wish the son of your old friend to return at all," "Perhaps not," said the bee-master. "What," said the poor lad,

losing all the courage of his anger in the terrible thought of his never having any more of those beautiful lettings out of the door by Maria,—“what! do you mean to say I may not hope to be invited again, even by yourself?—that you yourself will never again invite me, or come to see me?” “O, we shall all come, of course, to the great Signor Giuseppe,” said the old man, looking scornful, “all cap in hand.” “Nay, nay,” returned Giuseppe, in a tone of propitiation; “I’ll wait till you do me the favor to look in some morning, in the old way, and have a chat about the French; and perhaps,” added he, blushing, “you will then bring Maria with you, as you used to do; and I won’t attempt to see her till then.” “O, we’ll all come, of course,” said Antonio, impatiently, “cat, dog, and all; and when we do,” added he, in a very significant tone, “you may come again yourself.” Giuseppe tried to laugh at this jest, and thus still propitiate him; but the old man, hastening to shut the door, angrily cried, “Aye, cat, dog, and all, and the cottage besides, with Maria’s dowry along with it; and then you may come again, *and not till then.*” And so saying, he banged the door, and giving a furious look at poor Maria, went into another room to scrawl a note to the young citizen. The young citizen came in vain,

and Antonio grew sulkier and angrier every day, till at last he turned his latter jest into a vow: exclaiming, with an oath, that Guiseppe should never have his daughter, till he, (the father,) daughter, dog, cat, cottage, bee-hives, and all, with her dowry of almond-trees to boot, set out some fine morning to beg the young vine-dresser to accept them.

Poor Maria grew thin and pale, and Giuseppe looked little better, turning all his wonted jests into sighs, and often interrupting his work to sit and look towards the said almond-trees, which formed a beautiful clump on an ascent upon the other side of the glen, sheltering the best of Antonio's bee-hives, and composing a pretty dowry for the pretty Maria, which the father longed to see in the possession of the flashy young citizen. One morning, after a very sultry night, as the poor youth sat endeavoring to catch a glimpse of her in this direction, he observed that the clouds gathered in a very unusual manner over the country, and then hung low in the air, heavy and immovable. Towards Messina, the sky looked so red, that at first he thought the city on fire, till an unusual heat affecting him, and a smell of sulphur arising, and the little river at his feet assuming a tinge of a muddy ash color, he knew that some convulsion of the earth was at hand. His first impulse was a wish to cross the ford, and, with mixed anguish and delight, to find himself again in the cottage of Antonio, giving the father and daughter all the help in his power. A tremendous burst of thunder and lightning startled him for a moment; but he was proceeding to cross, when his ears tingled, his head turned giddy, and while the earth heaved beneath his feet, he saw the opposite side of the glen lifted up with a horrible deafening noise, and then the cottage it-

self, with all around it, cast, as he thought, to the ground, and buried forever. The sturdy youth, for the first time in his life, fainted away. When his senses returned, he found himself pitched back into his own premises, but not injured, the blow having been broken by the vines. But on looking in horror towards the site of the cottage up the hill, what did he see there? or rather, what did he *not* see there? And what *did* he see, forming a new mound, furlongs down the side of the hill, almost at the bottom of the glen, and in his own homestead? Antonio's cottage:—Antonio's cottage, with the almond-trees, and the bee-hives, and the very cat and dog, and the old man himself and the daughter, (both senseless,) and all come, as if in the father's words, to beg him to accept them.

Such awful pleasantries, so to speak, sometimes take place in the midst of Nature's deepest tragedies, and such exquisite good may spring out of evil. For it was so in the end, if not in the intention. The old man (who, together with his daughter, had only been stunned by terror,) was superstitiously frightened by the dreadful circumstance, if not affectionately moved by the attentions of the son of his old friend, and the delight and transport of his child. Besides, though the cottage and the almond trees, and the bee-hives, had all come miraculously safe down the hill, (a phenomenon which has frequently occurred in these extraordinary LANDSLIPS,) the flower-gardens, on which his bees fed, were almost all destroyed; his property was lessened, his pride lowered; and when the convulsion was well over, and the guitars were again playing in the valley, he consented to become the inmate, for life, of the cottage of the enchanted couple.—*London Magazine.*

AIM not too high, lest you fall; nor lie on the ground, lest you be trampled upon. You are safest when your legs bear you.—*Anon.*

BRIGHT WATER.

O! WATER for me—bright water for me!
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
 It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
 It maketh the faint one strong again;
 It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
 All freshness, like infant purity.
 O! water, bright water, for me, for me,—
 Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim!
 Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
 For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
 For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.
 O! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
 And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
 So water, pure water, for me, for me!
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim—again to the brim!
 For water strengtheneth life and limb:
 To the days of the aged it addeth length,
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength;

It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight—
 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
 So water, I will drink nought but thee,
 Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
 Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
 And leading a band of laughing hours,
 Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,
 O! cheerily then my voice is heard,
 Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
 Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
 As he freshens his wing on the cold gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
 Drowsily flying and weaving anew
 Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,
 How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
 For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
 And my dreams are of heaven the life-long night,
 Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!
 Hurrah for bright water! hurrah! hurrah!

Written for the Mistletoe.

THE MONTH IN PROSPECT.

JANUARY.

THIS month was termed by the Saxons, *Aefter-yula*, or after Christmas. The present name is derived from the Latin word *Janus*, a heathen God, (who was considered the door keeper of Heaven,) from the fact, that January is the door of the year. Spenser thus quaintly describes it:

"Then came old January, wrapped well,
 In many weeds to keep the cold away!
 Yet did he quake and quiver like to quelle,
 And blow his nayles to warm them if he may;
 For they were numbed with holding all the day,
 An hatchet keene with which he felled the wood."
 The inhabitants of this and other South-

ern States know nothing of winter in its sternest form. Here snow is rarely seen, and when it visits us, it is in very small quantities and of very short duration. The Northern winters are much more severe. There heavy snows are seen throughout the season, and the inhabitants enjoy themselves in various ways. Sleigh riding is an amusement very common with them at this time. Every bright moonlight night, the jingling of the bells, the pattering of the horses' feet upon the frozen snow, and the merry laugh of the "lads and lassies" may be heard.

How they go! One after another, one, two, three, four, how they laugh and talk. That young man, who is driving that highly mettled horse, had better pay more attention to him, and not look so steadily at the beautiful girl who sits at his side, or some accident may happen. There! we said so! The sleigh has got out of the track into a snow drift and over it goes, spilling out its contents. How the rest laugh. You can almost see the young lady's blushes by moonlight as she smooths her disordered hair, and looks reproachfully at her companion, who lays all the blame on his horse. The sleigh is soon righted, however, they get in, and away they go again, as merrily as if nothing had happened.

And who has not heard of Candy Pullings, one of the most common of Southern amusements? What sport and pleasure at these gatherings of the young. After laughing and talking until some impatient one proposes a play, see how they all enter into it. Time passes rapidly, until it is announced that "the candy is ready," and then, what scrambling for the plates and dishes which contain it. Who at the South has not enjoyed the pleasure of pulling candy with some fair damsel? But even this is not the most delightful part of the affair, as may be plainly seen when the time arrives for going home, for then each young man seems impressed with a desire "to do the gallant," and sadly disappointed are those who are deprived of the privilege of seeing some fair one safely home.

Other winter amusements are very common to the Southern people, such as Quiltings, "Sociables," parties, balls, etc., etc., and if it should happen to snow, how they do enjoy themselves snow balling each other.

And what pleasure and comfort there is around our firesides, during the long winter evenings, while the wild winds are howling without, and beating the rain against the window panes, as we pore over some valuable and interesting book, or enjoy the pleasing conversation. How gladly we exclaim:

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
* * while the bubbling and loud hissing urn,
Throws up a steamy column * * * *
* * * So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

So we see that January has its comforts as well as its discomforts, and we can but exclaim with Cowper:

"I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art."

But we have only viewed the bright side of the scene. Turn we to the other. While many are enjoying themselves at their happy fire sides, how great a number are suffering for the want of proper food and clothing. How unfortunate and pitiable are the votaries of Bacchus at any time, but how peculiarly so at this season of the year. Many a poor drunkard leaves the grocery where he has been imbibing the liquid poison, with miles between him and his home. Night comes on, he loses his way, and is discovered next morning, *frozen to death!*

"Oh! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

The poor and unprotected are to be pitied now. Go with me to the habitation of Poverty. No happy laugh rings through the room no joyous song, or mirth-moving anecdote, is heard.

"But frosty winds blaw in the drift
Ben to the chimla lug."

See the little half-starved crew, as they gather around the scanty fire. The hour is late, and yet they linger there. No "soft, downy couch persuades sweet Slumber to their eyelids." Theirs is a hapless lot. Oh, how grateful should those be who are among the "blest of earth!" How kind should they be to their fellow creatures who are poor and destitute! for,

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Sons of Temperance! up and be doing!—Now is the time to work. Raise your brother man from his degradation. Then, when he is "clothed and in his right mind," he will bless you.

T. A. B.

Athens, Georgia.

"MISTLETOE BOUGHS."

DRUNKENNESS, (says Christopher North in those inimitable papers, the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.) is the cause of nine-tenths of the grief and guilt that aggravate the inevitable distresses of the poor. Dry up that horrid thirst and the hearts of the wretched would sing aloud for joy. In their sober senses, it seldom happens that men, in a Christian country, are such savages. But all cursed passions latent in the heart, and, seemingly at least, dead or nonexistant, while the heart beats healthily in sober industry, leap up fierce and full-grown in the power of drunkenness, making the man at once a maniac, or rather at once converting him into a fiend.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.—Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart.—*Long-fellow.*

BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I devine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

[Coleridge.]

MIRABEAU'S YOUTH.—At a year old he is described as an enormous fellow, whose pastime consisted chiefly in beating his nurse.—At three years old he lay in a precarious state for many days with the small pox, confluent and malignant, preying upon his very life.—His mother, in mistaken kindness, poured some quack ointments upon his face, so that, when he recovered, his features were disfigured and deformed by huge seams and furrows. When Mirabeau was eleven, prizes were given at Bignon for various feats, and he was so fortunate as to gain a hat for running. He immediately turned to an old bystander, who had but a poor cap, and covering him with the prize hat, said, "Here, take this: I have not two heads!" "He appeared at that moment," writes Nivernois, "as the emperor of the world!" Nevertheless, to this child, only eleven, beloved by every body, with a fine, open, free and generous soul, the Marquis (his father) manifested a daily deepening aversion; calling him the foulest epithets—epithets which the most degraded sexagenarian blackguard could no more than have merited.—*Mirabeau: a Life-History.*

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—I make no question but you have heard of our great loss before this comes to you, and doubt but you shall hear her Majesty's sickness and manner of death diversely related; for, even here the Papists do tell strange stories, as utterly void of truth as of all civil honesty or humanity. I had good means to understand how the world went, and find her disease to be nothing but a settled and unremovable melancholy, insomuch that she could not be won or persuaded neither by the counsels of divines, physicians, nor the women about her, once to taste or touch any physic, though ten or twelve physicians that were continually about her, did assure her, with all manner of asseverations, of perfect and easy recovery if she would follow their advice. So

that it cannot be said of her, as it was of the Emperor Hadrian, that *turba medicorum occidit regen*; for they say she died only for lack of physic. There was some whispering that her brain was somewhat distempered, but there was no such matter; only that she held a most obstinate silence for the most part, and, because she had a persuasion that if she once lay down she should never rise, could not be gotten to bed in a whole week till three days before her death. So that, after three weeks' languishing, she departed the 24th of this present, being our Lady's Eve, between two and three in the morning, as she was born on our Lady's Eve in September; and as one Lee was mayor of London when she came to the crown, so there is one Lee mayor now that she left it. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the almoner, and her other chaplains and divines, had access to her in her sickness divers times, to whom she gave good testimony of her faith by word, but specially towards her end by signs, when she was speechless, and would not suffer the archbishop to depart as long as she had sense, but held him twice or thrice when he was going, and could no longer endure, both by reason of his own

weakness and compassion of hers. She made no will, so that they which come after shall find a well-furnished house, a rich wardrobe of more than two thousand gowns, with all things else answerable.—*The Court and Times of James the First.*

WEAKNESSES OF GENIUS.—By nature, Beattie was a man of quick and tender sensibilities. A fine landscape or music (in which he was a proficient,) affected him even to tears. He had a sort of hysterical dread of meeting with his metaphysical opponents, which was an unmanly weakness. When he saw Garrick perform Macbeth, he had almost thrown himself, from nervous excitement, over the front of the two shilling gallery; and he seriously contended for the grotesque mixture of tragedy and comedy in Shakspeare, as introduced by the great dramatist to save the auditors from "a disordered head or broken heart!" This is "permaceti for an inward bruise" with a vengeance! He had among his other idiosyncrasies, a morbid aversion to that cheerful and rural sound—the crowing of a cock; and in his Minstrel he anathematizes "fell chanticleer" with burlesque fury.

THE INTEMPERATE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

Pray Mr. Dramdrinker, how do you do!
What in perdition's the matter with you!
How did you come by that bruise on the head!
Why are your eyes so infernally red!
Why do you mutter that infidel hymn!
Why do you tremble in every limb!
Who has done this—let the reason be shown,
And let the offender be pelted with stone!
And the Dramdrinker said, if you listen to me
You shall hear what you hear, and shall see what
you see.

I had a father—the grave is his bed:
I had a mother—she sleeps with the dead:

Freely I wept when they left me alone—
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their
stone:
I planted a willow—I planted a yew—
And I left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew!
Fortune was mine, and I mounted her car—
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far:
Onward I went, like an avalanche down,
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown!
Fortune was gone, and I took to my side
A young, and a lovely, and beautiful bride!
Her I entreated with coldness and scorn,
Tarrying back till the break of the morn;

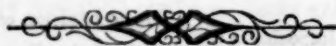
Slighting her kindness, and mocking her fears—
Casting a blight on her tenderest years ;
Sad and neglected and weary I left her—
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her—
Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,
She sank on the bosom of misery, and died !

I had a child, and it grew like a vine—
Fair as the rose of Damascus, was mine ;
Fair—and I watched o'er her innocent youth,
As an angel from heaven would watch over truth.
She grew like her mother, in feature and form—
Her blue eye was languid, her cheek was too warm :
Seventeen summers had shown on her brow—
The seventeenth winter beheld her laid low !
Yonder they sleep in their graves, side by side,
A father—a mother—a daughter—a bride !

When they had left me I stood here alone—

None of my race or my kindred were known !
Friends all forsaken, and hope all departed—
Sad and despairing, and desolate-hearted—
Feeling no kindness for aught that was human—
Hated by man, and detested by woman—
Bankrupt in fortune and ruined in name—
Onward I kept in the pathway of shame !
And till this hour, since my father went down,
My brow has but known a continual frown !

Go to your children, and tell them the tale :
Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale :
Tell them his eye was all bloodshot and cold :
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold :
Tell them he passed through the world they are in,
The victim of sorrow and misery and sin :
Tell them when life's shameful conflicts were past,
In horror and anguish he perished at last !



EDITORS' TABLE.

TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The first number of "The Mistletoe,"—a Sons of Temperance Magazine,—is before the public ; and to that Order to which its energies are to be given, it is entrusted. By that Order it must be sustained, or it will droop and die. It was not the intention of the editors to commence its publication unless a sufficient list of subscribers was guaranteed to ensure its success ; but, finding a strong disposition among the brothers of some of the Divisions in this State, as well as of sister States, South, to sustain such a work, they have determined to publish it at least one year—believing that every true Son of Temperance will unhesitatingly contribute ONE DOLLAR to the support of a magazine devoted to our Order. The price is small when the amount of reading matter given every month is considered,—and we trust our Brothers of those Divisions which have not yet responded to our call, will soon send back our Circular with TEN names, at least !

Come, Brothers, lend us a helping hand ! and we

promise that you shall receive an ample return for your patronage.

Many efforts have been made to discourage us in our humble undertaking ; but, we are not to be put down by the old cry of the "failure of every thing literary at the South." We feel confident that the Sons of the South, and, more than all, the *Sons of Temperance*, both at the North and South, will all come up boldly to our aid.

Finally, Brothers, we promise faithfully to perform our duty to you and to the Order ;—will you not do yours ?

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.—An effort is being made among the friends of temperance in Georgia to extend the circulation of this old and valuable temperance organ, and to enable the worthy editor to publish it weekly at its present price. This might be done, if temperance men would do their duty.

It has been suggested to us, that we were viewed as a rival to the Banner. We certainly are not

so, friends. Before moving at all in this matter, we wrote to BRO. BRANTLY, informing him that we had an idea of commencing a work of the kind we have undertaken, but declined doing so, if he thought it would conflict with the interests of the Banner. He informed us that it would not. We have commenced in good feeling to the Banner, and would not have any of its friends suppose we are not a friend also to that faithful organ of the glorious cause in which we are to battle.

LET EVERY MAN DO HIS DUTY!—There is no man but can do much to push forward the great car of Temperance. True, its wheels are massive, and the opposition great, yet every effort moves it a pace upon the track; and, by continued and united work, it may soon be run to that point whither it is tending; and our happy land redeemed from an oppression, under which it has been laboring for! these many years.

When Lord NORTH's resolutions, imposing a tax on tea, reached the colonies on this side of the Atlantic, they felt that they were about to be imposed upon; and public meetings were held at Boston, and also in Charleston and Philadelphia, at which the colonists determined to resist this act of a cruel King. Hence when a cargo of the *obnoxious* arrived at Boston, the citizens immediately went on board the vessels, opened the hatches, hoisted the chests of tea out, broke them in pieces, and emptied their contents in the sea.

King Alcohol has imposed a *duty* on all intoxicating liquors—he has said “not that every man who buys my articles shall pay a tax on them; but worse, they shall give me for these beverages—their wealth, their happiness, their homes, their liberties, their minds—and at last become my victims.” This proclamation we see in our streets every day; yet we do not see the public combining to resist such oppression. No—every man feels for himself—and not for his neighbors. If that man wishes to drink, and sell himself, soul and body, to Alcohol, let him go.

Suppose the men who composed the *Boston Tea Party*, had said, let the King of Great Britain send his tea here with a duty, and if men are foolish enough to buy it, well—we don't care. Not so, they

resisted this effort to crush them in a proper manner, and behold in the glorious fabric of our Republic, which now astonishes the world, the fruits of their resistance.

The Sons of Temperance, we believe, will do more to throw the cargoes of King Alcohol overboard, than any Temperance Agent has ever yet done. The order in its organization is such as to unite its members in a brotherhood, which will not fear to meet the enemy. One *Watchword* is known to them all, from North to South, from East to West—and when the cry from the bereaved and disconsolate widow, and the houseless orphan, strike the ear—every brother's heart is thrilled, and he is ready to receive the erring brother into our Order—throw off all his bad associations, and restore him to his friends, a reformed man.

On the cover of our next issue, we will give a list of the officers of the National Division, and of the Grand Division of this State; also, a complete list of the Subordinate Divisions, and their locations.

MANY of the Divisions, in this, and the adjoining States, will be visited soon by Rev. DANIEL INGLES, and THOS. A. BURKE, soliciting subscribers to the *Mistletoe*.

WE send the *first* number of the *Mistletoe*, to several of our friends, with a view to solicit their patronage. Such as wish to receive it regularly, will forward us, by mail, *one dollar*; those who do not, will return the number immediately.

As our Magazine is put down so LOW, in price, we expect a prompt payment of the subscription, upon the reception of this number.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—In this number we give a fine wood engraving. To produce such a work of art as this, (the Smithsonian Institute,) costs us *more* than it would to give transcripts of second-hand steel engravings, as do the Northern Dollar Magazines. We hope such plates will give satisfaction to our readers.

“BROTHER.”—To distinguish writers of our Order, who contribute to our Magazine, we shall affix this term to their names.